

# GRUNT



HI, FOLKS, I'M JUMPIN' JACK FLESH,  
THE WEST COAST REPRESENTATIVE  
OF **GRUNT RECORDS** AND I'M  
HERE TO LAY A LITTLE RAP ON  
YOU ABOUT OUR MUSIC!

BUT FIRST, LET'S  
TAKE A LOOK AT **YOU**,  
THE AVERAGE **JOE**  
**MUSICLOVER** OF  
TODAY!

**T**OOLING ALONG IN YOUR PORSCHE,  
HEAVY LOAD OF GOLD ON YOUR  
TAPE DECK, SOME KINDA GENTLE  
ROAD WEED IN YOUR LUNGS...

BABY, YOU LOOK SO COLORFUL  
IN YOUR BRAND NEW  
CHRISTMAS TREE ...



MAN, YOU'RE ON TOP OF THE WORLD!  
YOU'RE KING OF CREATION!

IF YOU REALLY LOVED ME BABY  
WOULD YOU LET ME  
LICK YOUR KNEE

AH WANNA GIT SUM  
HAIRS IN MAH MOUTH

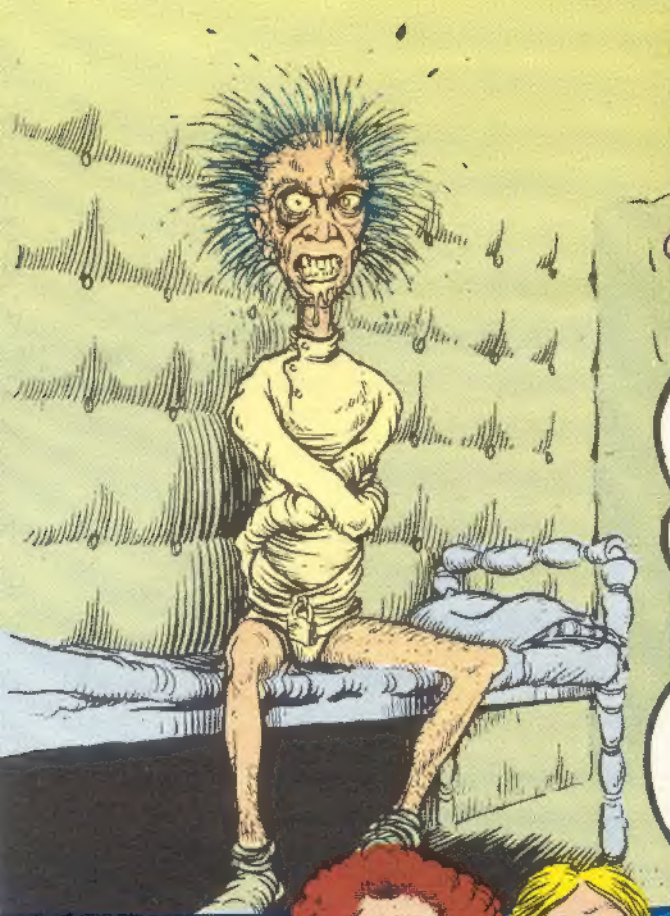
FAR OUT  
BASS LINE!

BECAUSE YOU'VE GOT MUSIC! IT FEEDS  
YOUR HEAD! IT MAKES YOU HAPPY! IT  
LIFTS YOU ABOVE THE CARES OF THIS  
WORLD...

WON'T YOU LET ME  
LICK YOUR CHRISTMAS TREE?

YAS.. SOUNDS  
IS WHERE ITS AT!  
BUT MAN, YOU GOT IT SOFT. ALL  
YOU GOTTA DO IS LAY BACK AND  
SOAK YOUR BRAINS ... WHAT ABOUT  
THE DUDES WHO SUFFERED A TON  
OF OLD-TIME BULLSHIT TO GET THAT SOUND  
OUT OF THEIR HEADS AND INTO YOURS?





THIS CAT'S NAME IS ROLLO! HE USED TO BE THE LEAD SINGER IN A GROUP CALLED THE RIPPED WHIPS! AS YOU CAN SEE, ROLLO WENT THROUGH A FEW **CHANGES** IN THE SIX SHORT MONTHS IT TOOK THE WHIPS TO REACH THE TOP... LET ME TELL YOU HOW IT ALL STARTED...

HERE'S THE RIPPED WHIPS AS THEY APPEARED IN '68 PLAYING THE FRISCO-BERKELEY CLUB SCENE... AT THAT TIME THEY WERE KNOWN AS THE "FUNKY ACID-GLEE BLUES BAND"...





THEY GOT LOTS A GIGS... EVEN PLAYED THE FILLMORE A COUPLE OF TIMES, BUT FOR SOME REASON, NOBODY SEEMED TO RESPOND TO THEIR MUSIC...

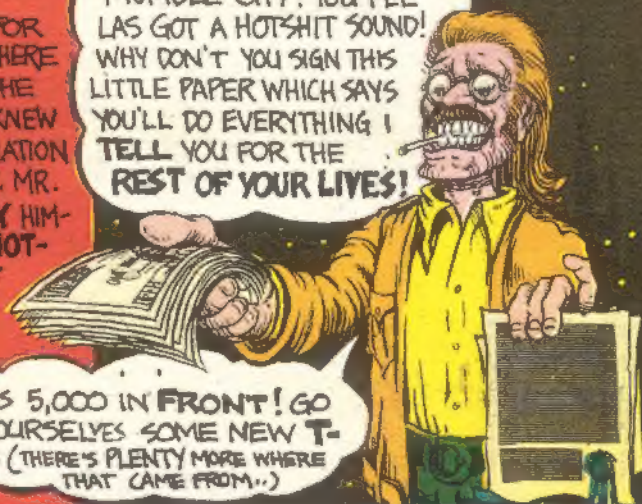


SO WHADDA WE GOTTA DO TO GET RICH LIKE THEM OTHER GROUPS? I WANNA RECORD CONTRACT!



FORTUNATELY FOR THE F.A.G.B.B. THERE WAS A MAN IN THE INDUSTRY WHO KNEW A KILLER COMBINATION WHEN HE SAW IT. MR. SLIPPERY MONEY HIMSELF, LARRY "HOT-SHIT" GLINT OF MUMBLE CITY RECORDS!

HI! I'M LARRY GLINT OF MUMBLE CITY! YOU FEL-LAS GOT A HOTSHIT SOUND! WHY DON'T YOU SIGN THIS LITTLE PAPER WHICH SAYS YOU'LL DO EVERYTHING I TELL YOU FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIVES!



HERE'S 5,000 IN FRONT! GO BUY YOURSELVES SOME NEW T-SHIRTS (THERE'S PLENTY MORE WHERE THAT CAME FROM...)



THE BOYS WERE ECSTATIC, TO SAY THE LEAST!

GEE, REAL "FRONT MONEY," JUST LIKE THE BIG GROUPS! WE'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY, MR. GLINT! ANYTHING!

HEH HEH!

WELL, FOR STARTERS, WHY DON'T YOU DROP DOWN TO LA, TOMORROW AND WE'LL CUT A FEW TRACKS FOR YOUR HOTSHIT FIRST ALBUM!

STICK WITH ME, BOYS, YOU'LL BE BIGGER THAN DYLAN, THE STONES, AND BRENDA LEE PUT TOGETHER!

WELL, ONE OF THE GROUP GOT TO PLAY TAMBOURINE ON A COUPLE OF B-SIDES... AND THEY EVEN LET ROLLO SING ON ONE CUT, ALTHOUGH YOU COULD BARELY HEAR HIM THROUGH THE ELECTRONICS! THEN THE REAL FUN STARTED!

GUYS, YOU'RE GONNA NEED SOME HOTSHIT GIMMICK FOR CONCERT PERFORMANCES. PAIN IS REALLY BIG THIS YEAR, SO WE'RE CHANGING YOUR NAME TO THE RIPPED WHIPS... YOU'LL NEED THESE...

NEXT DAY...

HI GUYS- I WANT YOU TO RUN THROUGH A FEW VOCALS WITH THIS HOTSHIT LITTLE BACKUP BAND I PUT TOGETHER.. WHY DON'T YOU PUT YOUR GUITARS OVER THERE - YOU WON'T BE NEEDING THEM TODAY!

URK!

WE'LL HAVE THE TEENYBOPPERS CREAMIN' IN THEIR JEANS IN NO TIME! OTTO HERE WILL SHOW YOU THE KIND OF ACT WE WANT YOU TO DO - DO YOUR THING, OTTO, BABY!

HEY, WAIT A MINIT...

JA, BOSS!



AND SO THE RIPPED WHIPS WERE BORN! PAIN WAS THEIR MESSAGE, AND IT WENT STRAIGHT TO THE MASOCHISTIC HEART OF TEENAGE AMERICA!

"RIP ME WITH YOUR NAILS  
BREAK MY FINGERS WITH YOUR TEETH  
CAUSE BABY, I LO-O-VE YOU..."



THEY WERE  
THE BIGGEST THING  
IN THE HISTORY OF  
**ROCK!**

BLEED BABY  
BLEED!

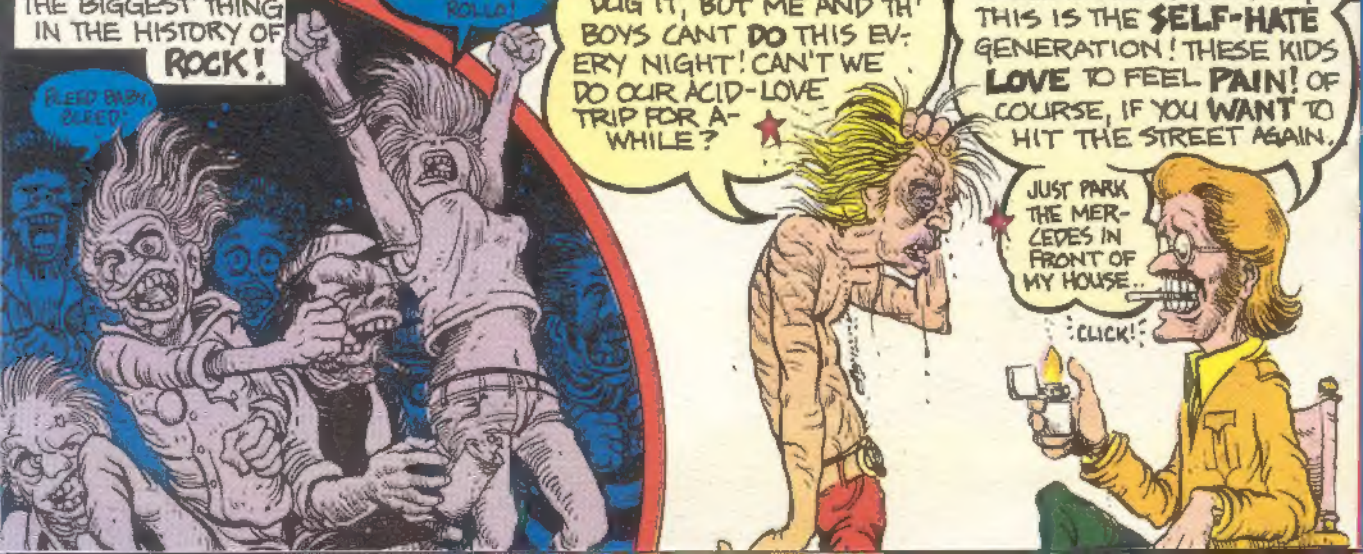
OO-EE-OO!  
SUCK IT AGAIN!  
ROLLO!

SHIT, BOSS, THE KIDS  
DUG IT, BUT ME AND TH'  
BOYS CANT DO THIS EV-  
ERY NIGHT! CAN'T WE  
DO OUR ACID-LOVE  
TRIP FOR A-  
WHILE? ★

ROLLO,  
THE **LOVE** GENERATION  
IS **DEAD!** DON'T YOU DIG,  
THIS IS THE **SELF-HATE**  
GENERATION! THESE KIDS  
**LOVE** TO FEEL **PAIN!** OF  
COURSE, IF YOU WANT TO  
HIT THE STREET AGAIN.

★ JUST PARK  
THE MER-  
CEDES IN  
FRONT OF  
MY HOUSE...

★ CLICK!

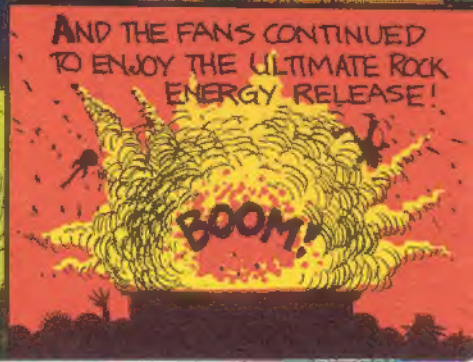




THE WHIPS JUST LOVED THAT BREAD AND FAME TOO MUCH! EVERY TIME THEY DECIDED TO PACK IT IN, OLD LARRY GLINT WOULD FLASH HIS CHECKBOOK.. MEANWHILE, THE FANS WERE DEMANDING GREATER AND GREATER SACRIFICES FROM THEIR HEROS...



IN THE END, EVERYBODY GOT WHAT HE WANTED...





WELL, THAT WAS LAST YEAR. THE **RIPPED WHIPS** DON'T MAKE MUSIC ANY MORE— THEY'RE TOO HEAVILY INTO **PAIN** TO GIVE A SHIT ABOUT GUITARS AND DRUMS AND STUFF LIKE THAT... DURING THEIR LATEST SHEA STADIUM PERFORMANCE, 150 YOUNG LADIES WERE SACRIFICED TO A **NAMELESS GOD**... AND THEIR NEXT LIVE ALBUM WILL BE THE FIRST QUADROPHONIC BLEND OF **AUDIENCE - SHRIEK** AND **GROUPIE-TORTURE** EVER SQUEEZED INTO **HOT WAX!**

**LONG LIVE ROCK AND ROLL!**





HMM... YOU'RE PROBABLY WONDERING WHAT ALL **THAT** HAS TO DO WITH **GRUNT RECORDS!** NOT MUCH, REALLY. IN FACT, IF ROLLO AND THE BOYS HAD SIGNED UP WITH **GRUNT** INSTEAD OF MUMBLE CITY, IT WOULD HAVE BEEN A WHOLE DIFFERENT TRIP...

ONCE UNDER THE WING OF **MOTHER GRUNT**, THEY WOULD HAVE EXPERIENCED THE GENTLE HOMESPUN ANARCHY THAT MAKES EVERYBODY IN THE **GRUNT**.. FAMILY AS HAPPY AS A PIG IN SHIT!

THE BOYS COULD HAVE RECORDED THEIR OWN MATERIAL WHERE AND WHEN AND WITH WHOM THEY WANTED... THEY WOULD HAVE HAD COMPLETE CONTROL OVER THE PACKAGING AND PROMOTION OF THEIR RECORDS... AND THEY WOULD HAVE SHARED EQUAL ROYALTY RATES WITH ALL THE OTHER ARTISTS ON THE LABEL... IN SHORT, THEY WOULDN'T HAVE TO MAKE JIVE WITH CORPORATE HONK DOGS LIKE LARRY GLINT!

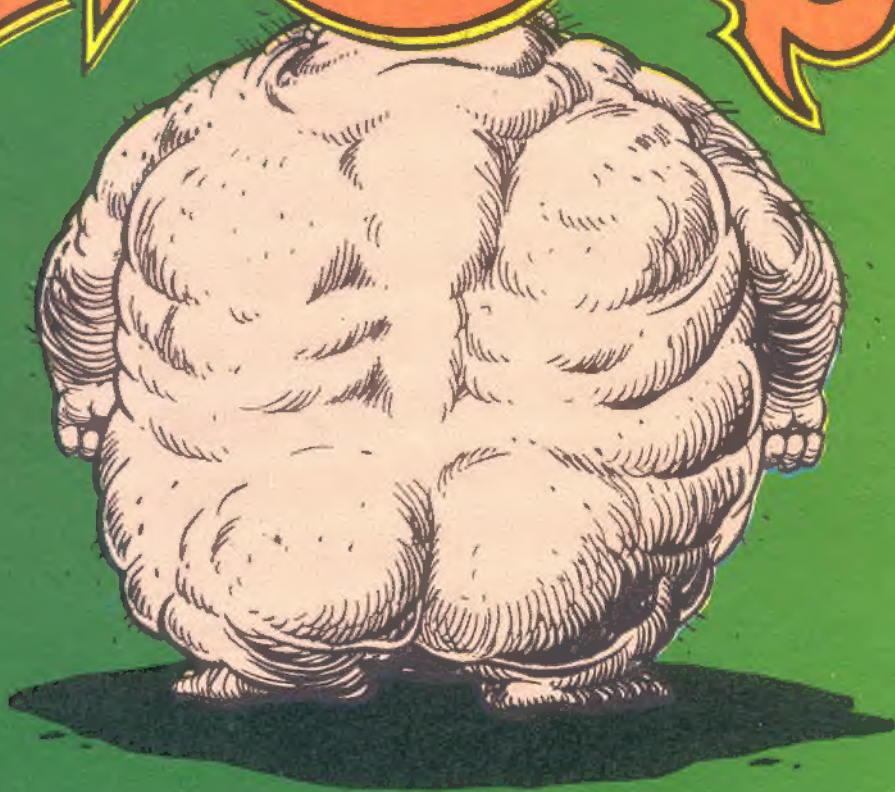
YA SEE, **MA GRUNT** BELIEVES IN THE POWER OF THE **GOLDEN MEAT-BALL**... THERE AIN'T NO POWER LIKE IT ON EARTH! LOOKIT ME...  
I EAT ONE EVERY DAY !!



COMIX BY VEITCH/IRONIS...  
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# TRU





**GRUNT**



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**A promotional comix for records by Grunt Records.**